

QUEST OF THE RED FLOWER

Romance of Two Americans
Among Mexican Bandits.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The handsome young captain of the little band of Mexican revolutionists stared insolently across the table at his captive.

Ned Hallett, the captive, glared angrily back at Fernando Perez.

"You will pay dearly for attacking the mine and dispersing my men," said the American savagely.

Captain Perez smiled.

"Americanos must stay at home if they wish to avoid trouble," he purred. The young mine owner controlled his anger and brought himself to discuss terms with Captain Perez.

"I suppose it is a matter of money," he sneered. "How much will you release from your ruffianly band?"

Captain Perez twisted the ends of his silky black mustache and regarded the broad shouldered prisoner with thoughtful black eyes.

"Money was a very desirable thing. He had never possessed enough of the commodity to satisfy his tastes. After this war was over the country would be too hot to hold him. Paris would be his choice, and it took money to live in Paris. He did not want to go to Paris alone either. Still he might be able to use the Americano in two ways. He would waive the money question now. He could kill the young mine owner afterward, and there would be money enough derived from those very valuable diamonds in Hallett's ring and scarfpin."

"How much?" repeated Hallett.

Captain Perez waved his slim brown hand.

"It is not a question of money, señor," he lied quietly. "If you will do me a service you will earn your freedom."

"What is it you want?"

"Bring me the Red Flower."

"The Red Flower?" repeated Hallett vaguely. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"There is a Red Flower in the Zamora valley that I desire to wear next to my heart," said Perez, his dark face flushing warmly and his black eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Offer your freedom in exchange for the Red Flower, señor."

"But why don't you go and get it yourself?" questioned Hallett.

Perez regarded his questioner from under level black brows. "I cannot go, and my men would not be successful in the quest. Go, señor, and when you return with the Red Flower your freedom will be your reward."

"Shall I go alone?" asked Hallett.

"Yes. To all outward appearances you will be quite free from espionage, but remember, señor, my wolves will be on your trail. If you are faithless to the trust I am imposing on you you will die like a dog." Bring the Red Flower to me at sunset tomorrow and you go forth free and unharmed."

"What sort of a flower is it?" asked Hallett curiously. "How shall I recognize it? Is it a cactus flower?"

Captain Perez laughed bitterly.

"Si, señor; it is a cactus flower, beautiful as the morning, cruel as the



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thorns that beset it. You will not fail to recognize it. But, Señor Americano—and here the Mexican leaned across the table and hissed sharply—"dare not to wear the Red Flower when you find it. Hold it aloof; treasure it carefully. It is for me alone. I have watched it bud and blossom for me alone." He sank back in his chair and hung his head with sudden dejection.

"I will go," said Ned Hallett quietly. Perez lifted his head and called sharply.

Two of his men, dressed in a ragged conglomeration of garments that included American made shirts, military trousers much the worse for wear, faded cavalry capes and broken visored caps, padded in on bare feet.

They saluted and eyed their leader with furtive glances.

Perez spoke rapidly in Spanish and, finding that Hallett understood the

language, changed to the miserable patois of the district. Hallett picked out a familiar word here and there and gleaned enough to understand that he was to be followed to the hiding place of the Red Flower and if he failed to bring the desired blossom to Perez he was to be assassinated in cold blood.

He smiled bitterly as he awaited the completion of their plans. Unarmed he would stand little chance of coming out alive after gaining possession of the mysterious Red Flower of which Perez raved. He guessed that he was to be lured to some lonely spot and murdered.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Quien sabe?" he muttered as the two men appeared to start him on his journey.

A package of food was thrust into his hands, and he was started on his way by a prick from a machete which was afterward tossed toward him.

"Take it, Señor Americano," called one of his tormentors. "You will need it to cut the Red Flower!"

Rude laughter followed his going. He had picked up the machete because he knew that he would need it to cut his way through the undergrowth.

Perez had pointed out the way to the valley of the Zamora—it lay to the south and followed the muddy little river fringed with willows.

By nightfall Ned Hallett had reached the entrance to the tiny valley. He looked down on well tilled fields of cane and cotton, on red roofed adobe houses and barns and all the homely sights and sounds of farm life.

What place was this to which Perez had sent him in quest of the mysterious Red Flower?

He looked again and noted that the houses were closely shuttered, the cattle lingered disconsolately about the closed barns, the chickens had wandered unchecked among the fields and were devastating the crops, the place looked deserted.

He decided to wait until night had fallen before he investigated further in this valley of the Red Flower. He would sleep there and pluck the flower by daylight.

The night fell softly like a gray mantle over the valley. Stars pricked out in the deep blue of the sky and there was no sound save the distant flow of the little river, the murmuring discontent of the neglected cattle and the shrill cry of a night bird.

After Hallett had eaten sparingly he went hastily in search of a spring, for the peppery food had augmented his thirst. He followed a well defined trail down to the valley and presently found himself standing outside the principal door of the largest house. At his approach the denizens of the barnyard broke into a clamor of greeting.

While he hesitated on the doorstep the door was flung open, and the cold muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his temple.

"Quien es?" asked a girl's voice sharp with fear.

"Amigo," returned Ned Hallett quickly, for a weapon in the hands of a woman always inspired him with respect.

"A friend," she gasped. "I wonder if it is true?"

"You speak English?" he asked eagerly. "Perhaps you are not Mexican?"

"Of course I am an American," returned the girl, peering down at him. "And you—you do not speak like a native."

"I am an American—owner of the El Monte mine—captured by a roving band of insurgents. I am earning my release by fulfilling a mission for Captain Perez of—"

"Perez? The little snake! Can I trust you?" she asked in an anguished tone.

"As you would yourself," returned Ned sincerely.

"I am all alone here," she announced. "Captain Perez and his band of scoundrels kidnaped me from my father's plantation and brought me here, where he left me in charge of some women who are related to him. I have imprisoned three of the women in a cellar of the house, and the fourth one has just eluded me and I know has gone to report my insubordination to Perez. I dare not go alone into this unfriendly country. So far I have protected myself and won my way with my guns. I am a dead shot at long range, and the women were cowards. Tell me, amigo, she cried piteously, "what am I to do?"

Hallett took her trembling hand in his, and she did not withdraw it, but with feminine inconsistency she still held the revolver against his temple.

"Cheer up," said Ned practically. "We will take horses and get away from here at once. Pack up some food, enough for a couple of days, and I will get the horses ready."

"Thank God for your help!" cried the girl brokenly, as she lowered the weapon and turned away. "But, Mr. Hallett, how about your mission for Captain Perez? Your life will be in danger if you fail to accomplish it."

Hallett laughed carelessly. "I'll take a chance on that with a horse under me and a gun in my hand and some one to protect," he said grimly. "All he sent me for was some miserable red flower he was possessed after."

"Red Flower?" echoed the girl faintly. Did you come here for the Red Flower?"

"Yes; he told me it was a cactus flower. Seems he wanted to wear it against his heart. Rather sentimental of the gallant captain," he ended sardonically.

"Don't jest," protested the girl. "Don't you understand, sir, that he meant me—he called me the Red Flower! You will know why he called me that when daylight comes and you see that my hair is red. I understand him now. He thought he could lure me out of the valley through the means of an American. Once out in

the open he would shoot you and capture me. I cannot go with you, Mr. Hallett."

Ned Hallett swore roundly. "You must come," he said shortly. "Of course, now that I understand the situation you must know that my pact with Perez is ended. I will see that you get safely across the border, and I will notify your people of your safety. You can trust me, Miss!"

"Alice Latham," she supplied; then she bent her head and looked closely at him in the semidarkness of the doorway. "I will trust you," she said quickly. "I will get ready while you find the horses. The two blacks are the strongest and the best for hard traveling. I will be ready in ten minutes. Take these pistols. There are more here and plenty of ammunition."

Fifteen minutes later they rode quietly out of the valley, both of them strongly armed and with food and water packed on Hallett's saddle. Before they left Alice let down the fence rails so that the neglected cattle could rove around and find food and water.

For several hours they rode along the river bank in silence, and it was not until Ned made the turn that would take them to the border of the states and thus made clear his intention to play false to Perez that the wolves of the Mexican captain were loosed.

They fired at Hallett from ambush and missed. His black horse, accustomed to guerrilla warfare, carried

him into the thicket so quickly that he surprised the two spies of Perez. He shot one in the shoulder, and as the man sank to the ground the other one received a shot that disabled him.

Then the two Americans fled rapidly through the night toward the land of their birth. And when another midday sun glared down on the parched earth it found Alice Latham and Ned Hallett safe in the little Texas town of Speedwell, where they were sending a messenger to the Latham plantation with good news of her safety.

When Ned Hallett got his first good look at Alice Latham he drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Now, I understand why Perez called you the Red Flower! I never knew a red haired girl could be so beautiful!" he added involuntarily.

Alice Latham laughed and shook back the beautiful red fleece of hair that framed her perfect face. Her red brown eyes held magic for Ned Hallett, and it is not strange that he determined to win and wear the Red Flower for his own.

"As you appear to have saved my girl's life, I rather think it belongs to you, Hallett," was Mr. Latham's decision some months later when Ned put the momentous question to him.

So Ned wore the Red Flower after all, and Captain Perez went to Paris alone.

Valuable Vocabulary.

The employer who was willing to pay \$3 a week for an office boy advertised for a boy. About 100 replied. To the most likely looking lad he said:

"You look all right, but I must test your vocabulary. You know what 'vocabulary' means?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, I want a boy with a vocabulary. My customers are well bred, educated people, and I must have a boy who can answer them with something more intelligent than 'Uh-huh,' 'Yep' and 'I guess so.'"

He put several questions to the boy, and received satisfactory replies.

"You will do," he said. "You may go to work now."

"I beg your pardon," said that amazing boy, "but there is one example of my vocabulary that you have not heard."

"Well, what is it?"

"I am sorry, sir, but I could not think of using this kind of language for \$3 a week. It is worth \$5."

The employer concluded that it was and paid it.—New York Times.

Knew Him.

Employer (to office boy)—William, I have business out of town this afternoon and may be detained several hours. If anybody should call—

Office Boy—There ain't no ball game today, Mr. Spotcash.

Employer (eying him sternly)—I said nothing about the ball game, William. However, my business is such that I can wait until some other day. That will be all just now, William.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Links—I don't see that the hair-restorer has done you any good. You haven't a hair on your head.

Winks—Yes, but just think how much worse it might have been if I had never used the remedy.

Two of a Kind.

Human nature does not change so very much from decade to decade, and the kind of man who always caught the biggest fish of the season ten years ago now has an automobile that will take any hill on high gear.

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SOUTH ALBANY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

The special evangelistic meetings which began on Tuesday evening of last week, are expected to close Thursday evening.

Among those who attended the state fair last week were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Martin, Frank Eldridge, Mrs. Matie Anderson, D. A. Gilmour, John Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Eldridge, Lynn Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anderson and E. T. Anderson.

MRS. DAVID GILMOUR.

The angel of death has again entered our community and taken from our midst one who was beloved by all, Mrs. D. A. Gilmour. Mary Ann Anderson, the only daughter of Thomas and Mary (Urie) Anderson, was born in Glover on October 11, 1862. She was one of a family of five children, only two of whom survive. Her entire life was spent in Glover. On Nov. 21, 1883, she was united in marriage to David Gilmour, and to them were born three children, Lina, who is now Mrs. Clyde Eldridge of East Albany; John, who is teaching in West Newton, Mass.; and Walter, who has a position in Boston.

For some time Mrs. Gilmour had been in poor health, and several physicians had been consulted, but she kept growing worse, so about the first of April she entered the Huntington hospital in Boston for treatment. She spent some time there, but the dreadful disease, cancer of the throat, was incurable. So she came home and everything was done that could be to help her bear her intense suffering.

Notwithstanding the skill of physicians and the kindness of loved ones she passed peacefully away on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 4. She will be greatly missed in the church, as she was a constant attendant while health permitted and deeply interested in its welfare. While we mourn the loss we have sustained, we bow humbly to the will of God, believing he does all things well and glad for the help and encouragement this life has been to us.

We would tender our sincere sympathy to those who have been bereaved of a wife, a mother, a sister and commend them to the love of Christ and to the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in our tribulations. The funeral services, which were conducted by her pastor, Rev. I. P. Chase, of Albany, were held at the home on Monday at 1 o'clock, and were largely attended.

The floral offerings were many and most beautiful. The interment was in the Wyllie of Barre and James Gilmour of Waterbury attended the funeral, besides several relatives and friends from Albany, Barton, Orleans, Glover and Greensboro. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, daughter and family, two sons and two brothers, besides a large number of other relatives. The interment was in the Anderson cemetery. Her Sunday school class marched to the cemetery and scattered flowers about the grave.

LOWELL

Mrs. W. A. Blake has returned from her visit at Derby.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney Parker spent the week-end in Newport.

Rev. E. T. Hurd preached at North Hyde Park and Eden Sunday.

Miss Alice LaClair is teaching the grammar school at Westfield.

Mr. and Mrs. John Young are visiting relatives in Eden and Johnson.

Rev. E. T. Hurd was in Craftsbury Tuesday to attend a ministers' meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Guy Kinsley were in Burlington last week to attend a wedding.

Edgar LaClair, G. E. Curtis and Francis Jacques attended the state fair Thursday.

The ball game played here Saturday with Morrisville, was won by Morrisville. Score 14 to 9.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Winget and daughter, Ruth, and Edward Sawin were in Bakersfield Sunday.

John Finnegan died Wednesday after a long illness. Funeral services were held at the St. Ignatius church Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Finnegan of New York City, William Finnegan of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. North Sheehan, Tom and Jim Gallagher of Craftsbury were here Friday to attend the funeral of John Finnegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard have returned from Boston and New York, where she has been in the interests of her millinery business. She will conduct an opening sale Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23, 24, 25, which you are cordially invited to attend.

Two of a Kind.

Human nature does not change so very much from decade to decade, and the kind of man who always caught the biggest fish of the season ten years ago now has an automobile that will take any hill on high gear.

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IN THE FIELD MAKING MONEY—

or in the Barn Wasting It

Whether your horses work or not, their feed costs you big money. When a horse is laid up you not only lose the cost of feed, but also the profit that the horse would have paid if able to work in the field. Since there is no way to prevent spavin, curb, splint, ringbone, sprains and lameness, your thought should be given to the quickest, surest and most economical cure, and for over 85 years, thousands of horsemen have depended on Kendall's Spavin Cure. It's the old, reliable, safe remedy that has saved thousands of dollars' worth of horse flesh, to say nothing of the worry, time and trouble it has saved horse owners. You should get and keep a bottle of—

Kendall's Spavin Cure

For emergencies. You never can tell when you'll need it, and when the time does come, you'll be mighty glad you had the foresight to prepare. Here are samples of the thousands of letters we receive from grateful horse owners every year. Mr. J. J. Sandlin, New Hope, Ala., writes: "I am a great believer in Kendall's Spavin Cure. A few applications have just taken an unusual growth off my horse's back, thereby increasing his value \$25.00 at least." Mr. J. B. McCallers, Halesville, Ala., writes: "Last July I bought but after using three bottles of your Spavin Cure, I cured it and Kendall's Spavin Cure." And Mr. Wm. Booth, of Grovett, Ark., writes: "I have cured both Blood and Bone Spavins, taking the bunch all off and leaving the horse as sound as he ever was. The horse does not need entire rest while using Kendall's Spavin Cure. Light work and careful handling are better than standing in the barn. If the horse was in the pasture not many people would take proper care of him. I use the Spavin Cure a week at least, sometimes three, according to the severity of the trouble. There is enough in one bottle to cure three large Spavins if used according to directions. It is excellent for bruises, both for man and beast. Your Spavin Cure will cure Thorpin in a hurry. With over twenty years' experience with this remedy I know what I say to be true. If one doubts my word he may bring me a horse with a Blood Spavin on one leg, Bone Spavin on the other and Thorpin on both and I can make him a sound horse in six months. What I have done I can do again and what I have done others can do."

Why experiment with other remedies—when you know what Kendall's has done and can do. You can get Kendall's Spavin Cure at any druggist's, \$1.00 per bottle, 5 for \$5.00. Ask for free book, "Treatise on the Horse," or write direct to Dr. B. J. Kendall Company, Enosburg Falls, Vt., U. S. A.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD

Notice Concerning Change in Milk Rates

The Boston and Maine Railroad, subject to the approval of the public Authorities, plans to revise its charges for transporting milk. Some points have rates only by passenger train service, others only by freight service, and some points by both. Where a freight rate exists, it is three-fourths of the passenger train rate. There are also variations in the rates at different points similarly situated.

The result of all this is to give much lower rates from Maine and Northern New Hampshire than from Vermont on shipments to Boston. For example, Foxcroft, Maine, 256 miles from Boston, has a leased car freight rate of \$37 a day, while a similar shipment from Vergennes, Vermont, 213 miles from Boston, pays a passenger rate of \$63.96 a day.

The management of the Railroad believes the freight rate should be abolished, and that the passenger rates should be rearranged to give the same rate to localities similarly situated. With that end in view it has prepared a new tariff lowering rates in some cases, raising them in some others, and doing away with the freight rates in all.

IN CONSIDERING THE NEW RATES REMEMBER

1. The new rates are lower than those charged by other railroads entering Boston, and lower than those into New York or any other large city which obtains its milk from a distance.
2. No carload rate to any point within 165 miles of Boston is increased. Those between 75 and 150 miles are reduced to make the basis uniform.
3. The largest increase at any one point on the can rate to Boston, in baggage car service, is two cents for an eight and one-half quart can; less than a quarter of a cent a quart.
4. The longest journey of any leased car to-day is 284 miles. The largest increase to Boston on the leased car rate of the large shippers is less than one-third of a cent a quart. This is for a distance of 300 miles. For shorter distances this increase is smaller.

Cream retails at from three to six times the price of milk, this price being fixed on the amount of butter fat it contains. Cream is now carried at the milk rate. If it is damaged or spilled, the railroad must pay the owner the cream price. Because of this the new rate for cream has been made one and one-half times the milk rate.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

What is the Single Damper?

Crawford Ranges

have a patented damper which by one motion regulates fire and oven, better than two dampers can. Push the knob to "Kindle", "Bake", or "Check"—the range does the rest. This Single Damper is the greatest improvement ever made in stoves. All other ranges have two or more dampers.

The Two Hods in the base—the Ash Hod—instead of the old clumsy ash pan—with Coal Hod beside it—is another patented Crawford improvement. Both hods free.

Gas ovens if desired; end [single] or elevated [double].

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